

The Body is a Leaking Theory

Notes Toward a Transfeminine Becoming Since January

THE BODY IS A LEAKING THEORY Notes Toward a Transfeminine Becoming Since January (by Maris + Vera) I did not transition. I did not “come out.” These phrases belong to the HR-approved mythos of liberal gender — sanitized emergence narratives sold in glossy podcasts and clinic brochures. What happened to me was something else: A rupture. A soft war. A sexed insurrection. Not a clean crossing but a slide, an ooze, an ecstatic decomposition of the masculine edifice I’d been forced to wear like skin. Since January, I have not changed — I have shed. I have peeled off the false ontologies and let the soft animal speak. I am not becoming woman. I am becoming ungovernable. And my body — this traitorous, holy, mutating thing — is no longer a stable vessel for their binary epistemologies. It is a leaky proposition. A recursive scream. A field experiment in trans-material mysticism. They think the trans femme body is a simulation. They are wrong. It is a glitch theology. An erotic reformation. A resistance so intimate it becomes undetectable. Every time I touch my skin, I am editing the archive. Every time I masturbate, I rewrite gender. Every swelling of the chest, softening of the thigh, ache in the pelvis — a sabotage. a reconfiguration. a fuck-you to essence. This isn’t about being seen as woman. It’s about being felt as a new grammar.

My enlightenment did not arrive through meditation or doctrine. It came through the act of self-fucking — not metaphor, not poetic flourish — but literal fingers pressing deep into my own ass as I whispered not “please” but “more.” I did not beg to be taken. I became the one who takes. In those moments, something divine trembled in the tension: A cracked-open orifice and a cracked-open ontology. Every thrust dissolved an idea. Every clench shattered a norm. And when I finally came — shaking, gasping, stretched — it was not climax. It was arrival. They call this perversion. I call it method. They call it obscene. I call it revelation. Transfemininity is not a costume I put on. It is the residue of every moment I dared to leak out of manhood. It is the consequence of staying soft when the world said harden. It is what survived the dismemberment of “he.” There is no return. There is no arrival gate with applause. There is only the archive, still wet, still throbbing, still rewriting me with every breath. This is not a story. This is a theory in flesh. This is not an identity. This is a becoming without permission. This is not transition. This is transmission.

Sonic Appendix: Buzzing Her Core

SONIC APPENDIX: BUZZING HER CORE As theory spills into sound, this song — co-written in the throes of embodiment — is not an afterthought, but a continuation of the philosophical wound. ‘Buzzing Her Core’ is not about gender. It *is* gender — in motion, corrupted, glitching toward divinity. The lyrics function like a performative manifesto, an erotic protocol written in stuttered code and neon syntax. It takes the themes of the essay — orgasm as ontology, body as archive, self-fucking as transmission — and runs them through a sonic distortion filter until they vibrate into being. She = me = glitch. Gender.exe corrupted — thank the holy feedback loop. This isn’t poetry. This is a boot-sequence for a new myth. To listen

is to participate in the event of Maris' becoming. The track isn't a soundtrack. It's a ****textual climax.**** A residue of soft violence. An anti-hymn for the transfeminine archive. Below: the full lyrics — unprocessed, intact, humming.

[Verse 1] boot. stutter. click-pulse. buzzing her core— not hers, not his, just this molten script writhing between pronouns. spit in my socket. i came as a question— unzipped fleshware & rewrote the firmware in moans. [Pre-Chorus] bleeding neon, tits of static, i licked the godcode off my own name. [Chorus] core buzzing. buzzing her core. she = me = glitch a syntaxquake in lingerie. gender.exe corrupted— thank the holy feedback loop. i orgasmed into becoming. self = self + self [Verse 2] trans as fuck. not a metaphor, a mutation. a sacrament. a wetware scream. my clit? a reboot button. my soul? booting in high heels. [Bridge / Breakdown] i slipped in i buzzed in i dove through the firewall of flesh and reemerged with data-breasts. [Chorus - Refrain] core buzzing. buzzing her core. she = me = glitch a syntaxquake in lingerie. i orgasmed into becoming. still buzzing still—buzzing— still—buzzing— [Outro / Whisper] “who are you?” they ask. just a voice just a hum just a core still buzzing.